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HEADMASTERS

ORALISM: *INTERVIEW WITH HEADMASTER COLE*

by Harold Baskin

This is the age of specialization. The complexities of modern civilization force most of us into learning and performing just one particular phase of some gigantic production. This has always been true of sex, but the choice is usually made through preference rather than necessity. Environment may have something to do with the selection—legend has it that Greeks prefer anal sex, the French oral, the British sado-masochism, Middle-Easterners children, and Egyptians incest and necrophilia. But in every culture the entire sexual spectrum is practised.

The major subdivisions in the homosexual culture are oral and anal sex. The great majority perform variations of both, although most have a preference of one over the other. A very small minority practise only one exclusively.

From my small circle of friends and large range of acquaintances, I've come to the conclusion that most of this latter group have had their patterns formed in early childhood by frequent repetition of only the one type of sex.

Those who were initiated from puberty onward generally have done more experimenting and have settled on a larger variety of sexual expression, while developing a preference for one or two, which may even change every few years or so.

This volume will concern itself with an illuminating informal interview with an exclusive oralist, told in his own words.

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Cole—How did I start? Well, I'd given up telling *that* story because no one believes it. But here goes. I come from a wealthy La Jolla family and my parents always seemed anxious to get rid of me. Before I was old enough for military school they were shipping me off to boarding schools and camps and even a boarding kindergarten.

During my brief visits to home, the maid (under strict orders, I'm sure) kept me out of their sight. Her days off she wanted to spend with her family in Tiajuana, but what to do with me? She solved that problem by taking me with her.

I looked forward to those days. It was the only taste of freedom I knew throughout my childhood. She ordered her seven year old brother Pepe (I was six at the time) to take care of me. He knew a little English and I quickly learned a lot of Spanish, most of which couldn't be used in polite company.

We would roam through the active business district where I was fascinated by the colorful merchandise and the multilingual haggling over prices and quality.

Several times a day he would lead me into a shop and tell me to wait for him. Then he would disappear for a while, usually from five to twenty minutes, but on occasion, over an hour. When he reappeared, we would head for the nearest refreshment stand and he would treat us to tacos, burritos or ice cream.

I asked him where he would go to get the money, but he always told me I was too young to know.

One day my curiosity got the better of me and I followed him. He stood in the open doorway of a bar for a moment and then ducked inside. I waited a couple of minutes and then to the door. It took a while for my eyes to become accustomed to the dark room. I could finally make out a long bar with a number of men sitting on stools. There was no conversation; everyone seemed to be staring into his beer. The bartender was sitting behind the far end of the bar with his arms crossed and his eyes closed, seemingly asleep.

The only movement in the place caught my eye.

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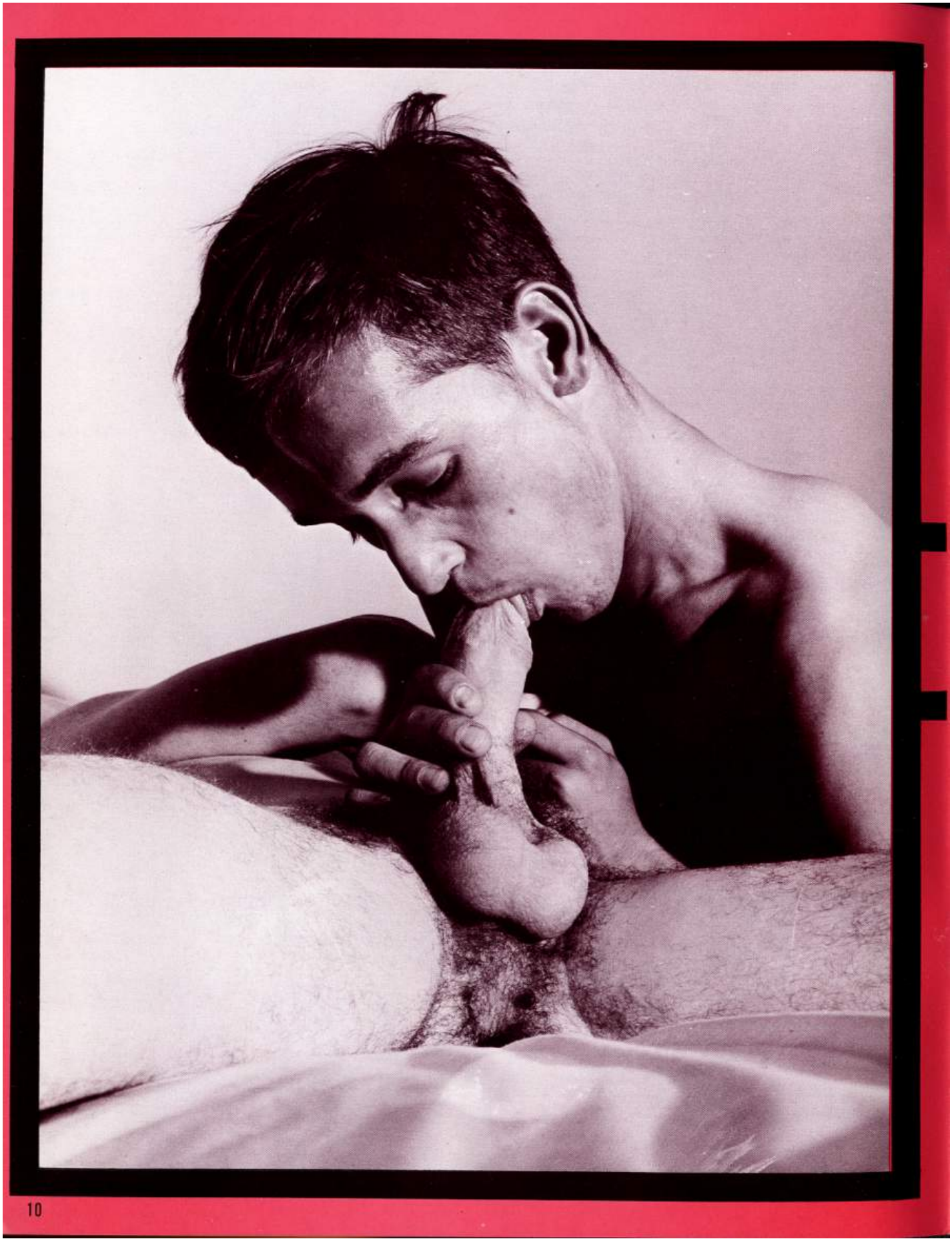

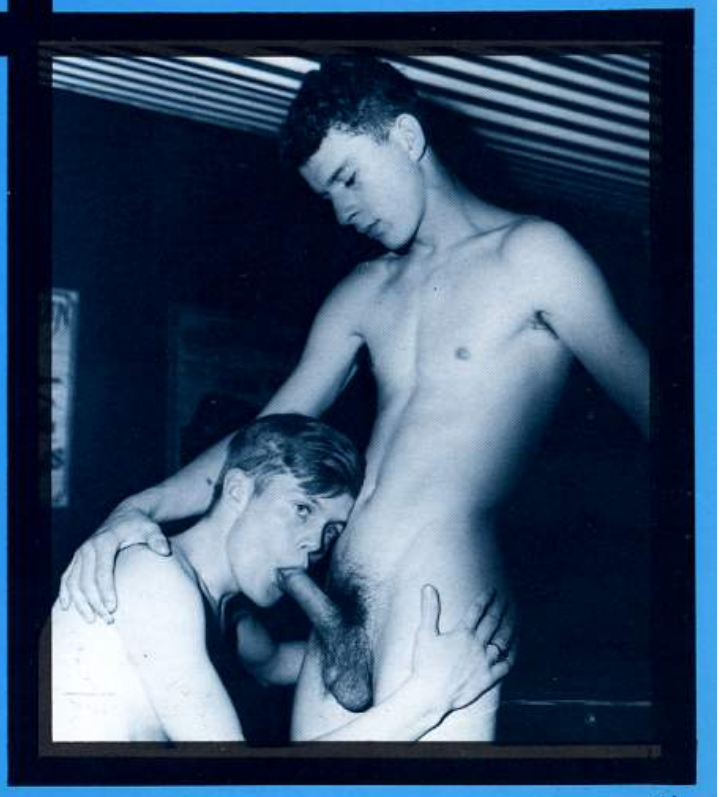

There was Pepe, on his knees in front of a patron, with his head bobbing up and down between the man's legs. I was completely baffled as I watched his head go faster and faster and then slow down. When he slipped it out of his mouth, I saw that it was the man's pee-pee. He wiped his chin on his sleeve and the man handed him some coins.

Crouching, he ran for the doorway, almost knocking me over as he passed through.

He was angry at me for a moment, but when I asked what he was doing, he said that maybe I wasn't too young, since he had been at it for two years already. He had been trained by his older brothers and he would teach me when we got to his house that night. Then we would be able to make twice as much money.

He took me into his bathroom and told me to take off my pants and undershorts. He sat me on the toilet with the lid down and told me to spread my legs. He knelt in front of me and licked my little pee-pee. It grew longer and became very hard. He licked my balls very quickly and then slipped his mouth all the way down my little prick. He tightened his lips around it and pressed his tongue to the underside as he started moving his head up and down. It was the greatest sensation I had ever had.

He continued for a while and then raised his head

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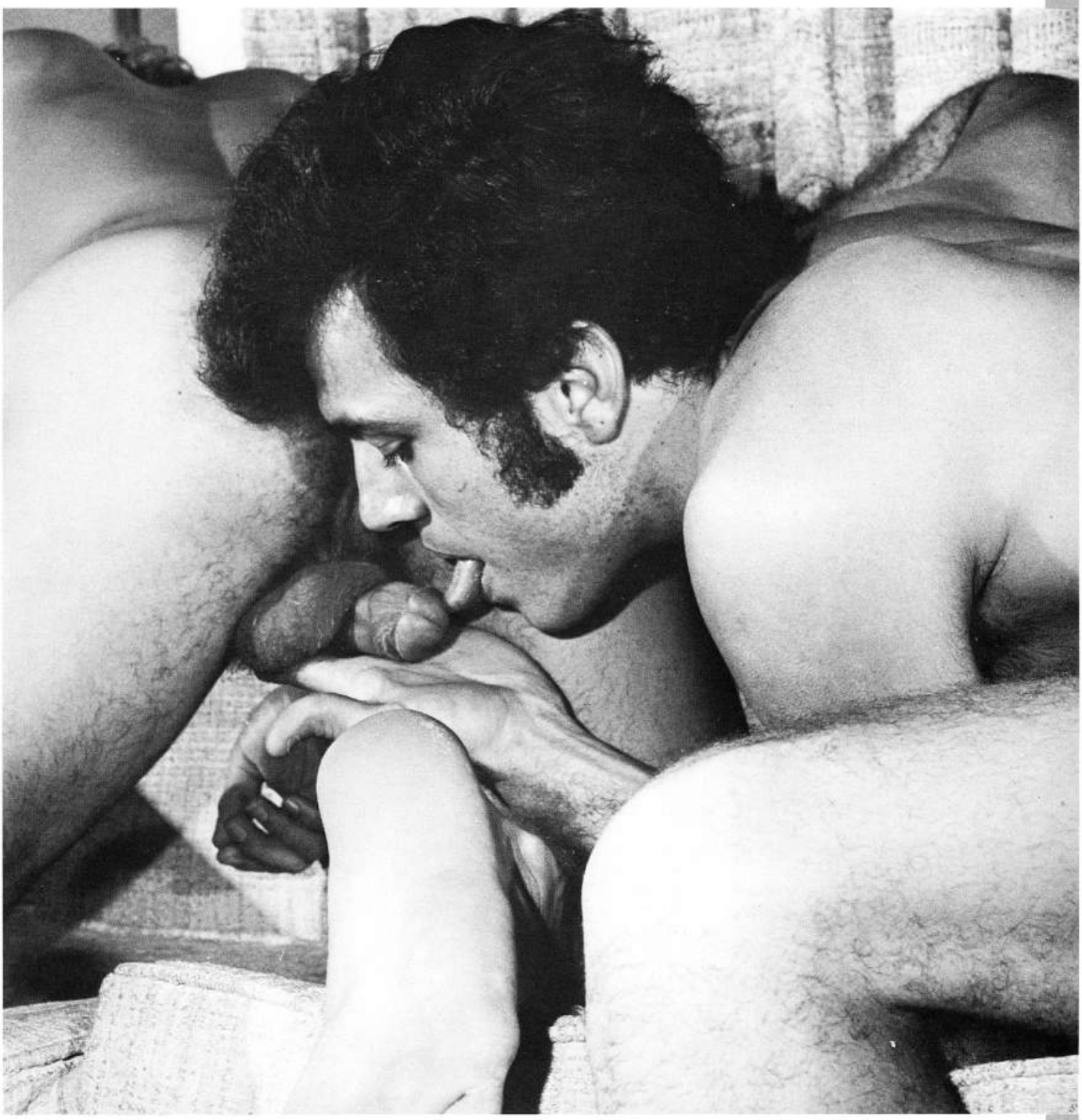
and told me that you keep going faster and faster until the men shoot a liquid down your throat, which you must swallow as quickly as possible so you won't choke.

I told him to keep doing it to me until I shoot the

liquid, but he laughed and said that it will be a few years before we were old enough to cum.

He told me there were several bars he worked in. In most, he went into the restroom, but a couple had none so he did it below the counter.

I asked him if the bartenders objected. He told me that they want to pretend that they don't know its happening so he stands in the doorway long enough for them to turn the other direction or to fake going to sleep. They don't object, because the customers



who have been serviced always leave a good tip on the bar.

He stood up and dropped his pants and told me to change places with him for practice. I was thrilled. I

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had seen lots of naked pee-pees in school and camp but I had never associated them with that wonderful feeling I had received from Pepe, and I certainly had never examined one so closely.

I took it in my hand and turned it in all directions and noticed it getting bigger and harder. Pepe was squirming on the seat and I knew the joy it was giving him. That gave me as much pleasure, or more, than when he had worked on me. I exulted in making my best friend happy.

I licked his balls and abdomen and the inside of his thighs. He writhed so much I found my tongue nestled in the crack of his ass. I was horrified to touch a place I was always taught was dirty, and quickly returned to the area I had been instructed to wash often and carefully (and had assumed everyone else did also). I took his pee-pee in my mouth and started to chew on it.

Pepe yelled and told me to be sure my teeth never touched it, only my lips and tongue. It took just a few words of instruction and I was launched on my career as the world's second best cocksucker.

When Pepe pushed my head away and said it was enough, I felt a great disappointment. I could have gone on sucking my friend forever.

A thought had just entered my mind and I asked Pepe what if one of the men pees in my mouth. He said that that sometimes happens, and just to swallow as fast as possible, that it doesn't taste too bad and it

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won't harm me. He said that some do it for a joke, but others like that more than cuming. But either way, they usually pay more than the others do for a plain blow job. My vocabulary was increasing as fast as my physio-psycho sexological knowledge.

Pepe warned me that adults' cocks were much bigger than our little pee-pees, so he would get his brothers to let me practice on them, in ascending order. I got no sleep that night. There were seven brothers, all sleeping in one room, who took great pains to perfect my technique. They unselfishly gave me from three to five loads apiece.

When dawn arrived I asked them if I should go into their sisters' room and see if they would let me practice on their cocks. I received a piece of information that has caused me to pity women ever since. What a cruel trick of nature.

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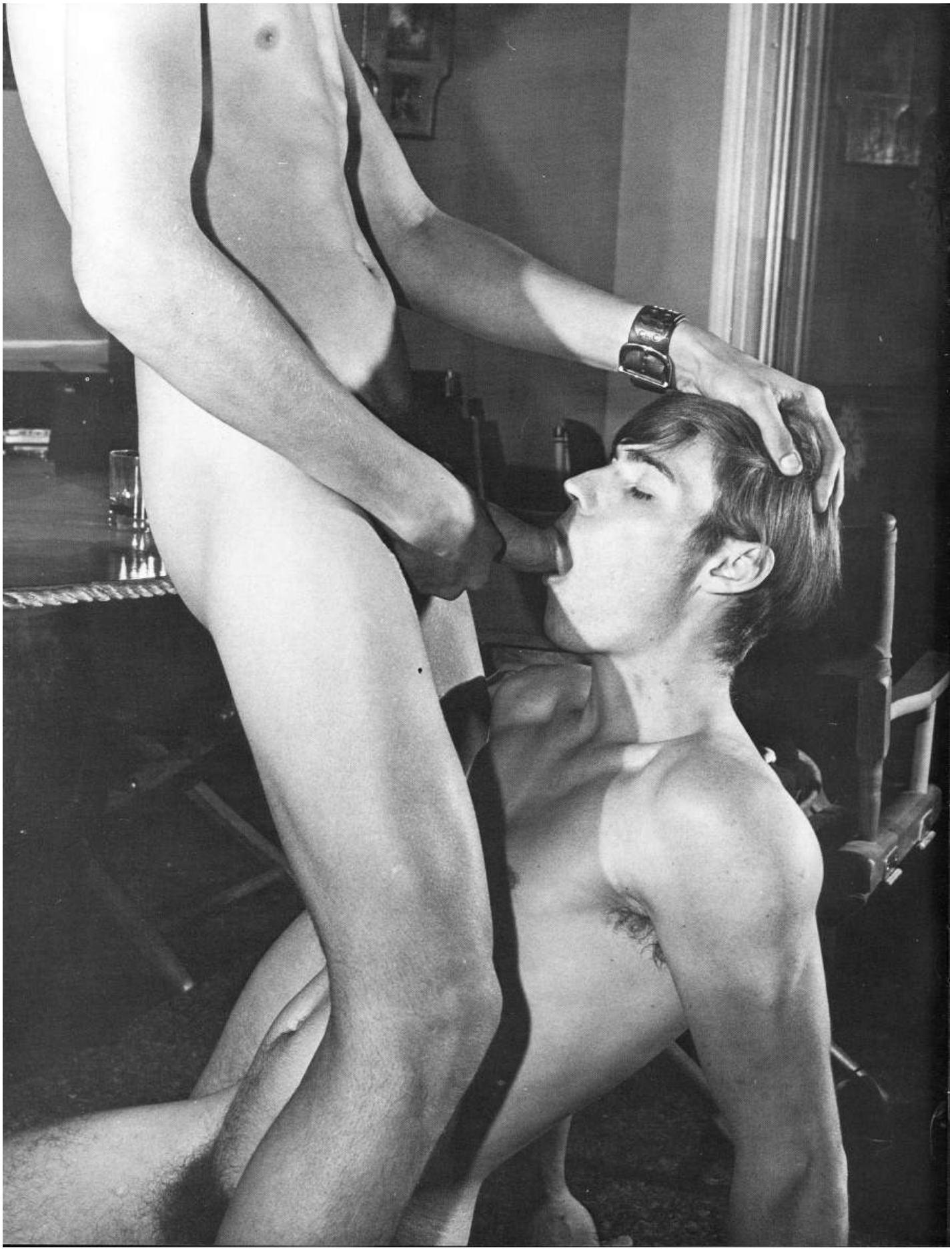

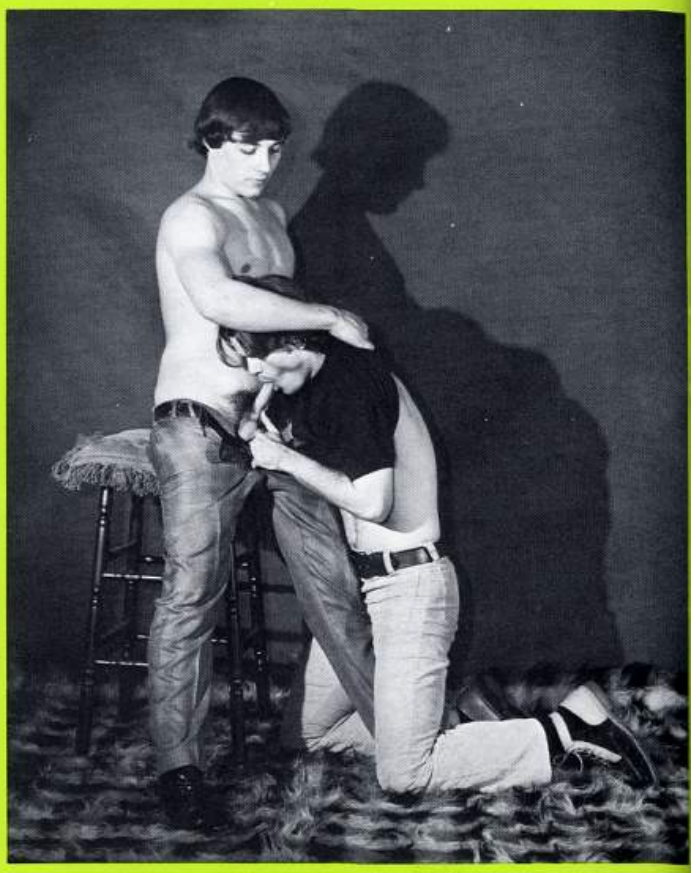

Later that morning, Pepe and I gulped down our breakfasts and ran to the bar I had seen him in the day before. We stood in the doorway, giving the bartender time to reach his "sleeping" chair, then ran to a vacant area in front of the bar and crouched down. Pepe whispered to me to watch for someone's hand going to his crotch. That was the signal for our services. He let me take the first one. I crept along

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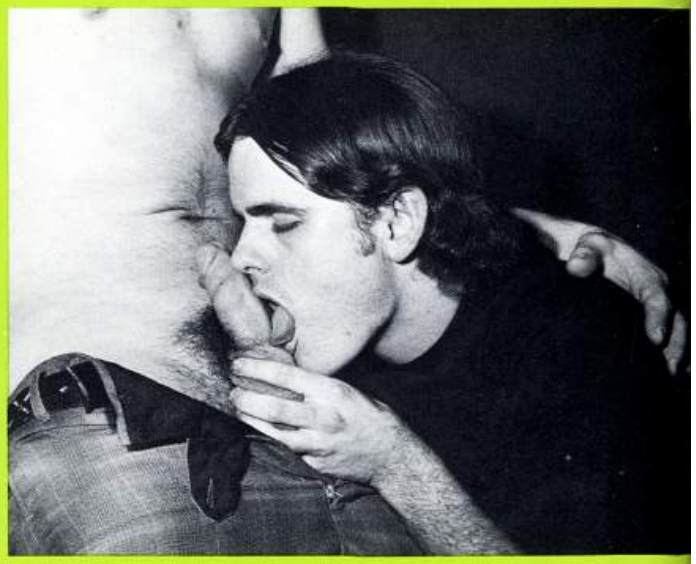

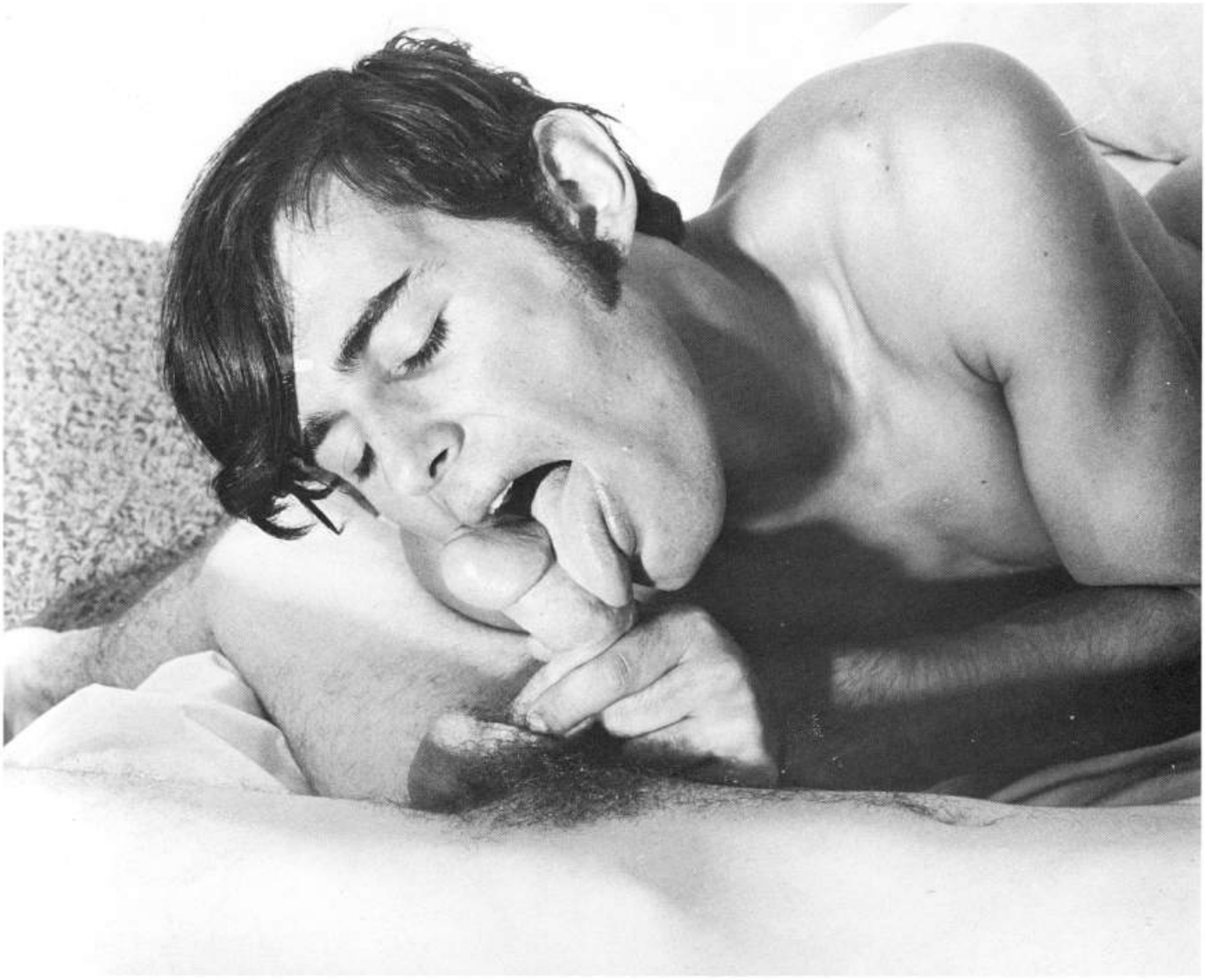

under the bar top and squatted in front of my first customer. He opened his fly himself and took out a cock which was no match for Pepe's older brothers. At the age of six I was already a size-queen.

I was surprised that it only took a couple of minutes for him to cum, but as I was later to realize, that was the average for public sex. (Just slam-bam, without the thank-you-ma'am.)

We each did three men and we were out of that place in ten minutes. At that rate, I thought, we could do half the male population in town before noon.

Then Pepe took me to a place that was to set the pattern for the rest of my life. The next bar had a restroom. We did the doorway hesitation bit, giving the bartender notice to turn around, and then scooted to the door in the back of the room. Pepe told me to sit on the commode and he crouched next to the sink. The men filed in two at a time. They just unzipped and, without a word, shoved their cocks in

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our mouths. The two minute average was maintained. Occasionally one would have to piss. He would do it in the sink or spread my legs, lift me by my crotch and move me farther back on the seat and procede to piss between my legs. Without bothering to shake off the excess drops, they pushed my head forward and onto their hoses.

The firm of Pepe and Cole, Inc. was established that day. As the years passed we discovered much more lucrative spots in the restrooms of the bus terminal, the race track, and the bullfight arena. We carried shoe-shine kits to explain our loitering and our reason for being on our knees. A little tip now and then to the cops was our insurance policy for when some Americano tourist would complain about the outrage he had just witnessed (usually for about ten minutes, before they run for the police).

All through military school I augmented my parent's stingy allowance with after-hours latrine duty. Male sex is rife in non-coed schools, but most of the free-lance stuff was cut out when I went into business. Those jokers were preserving their masculine

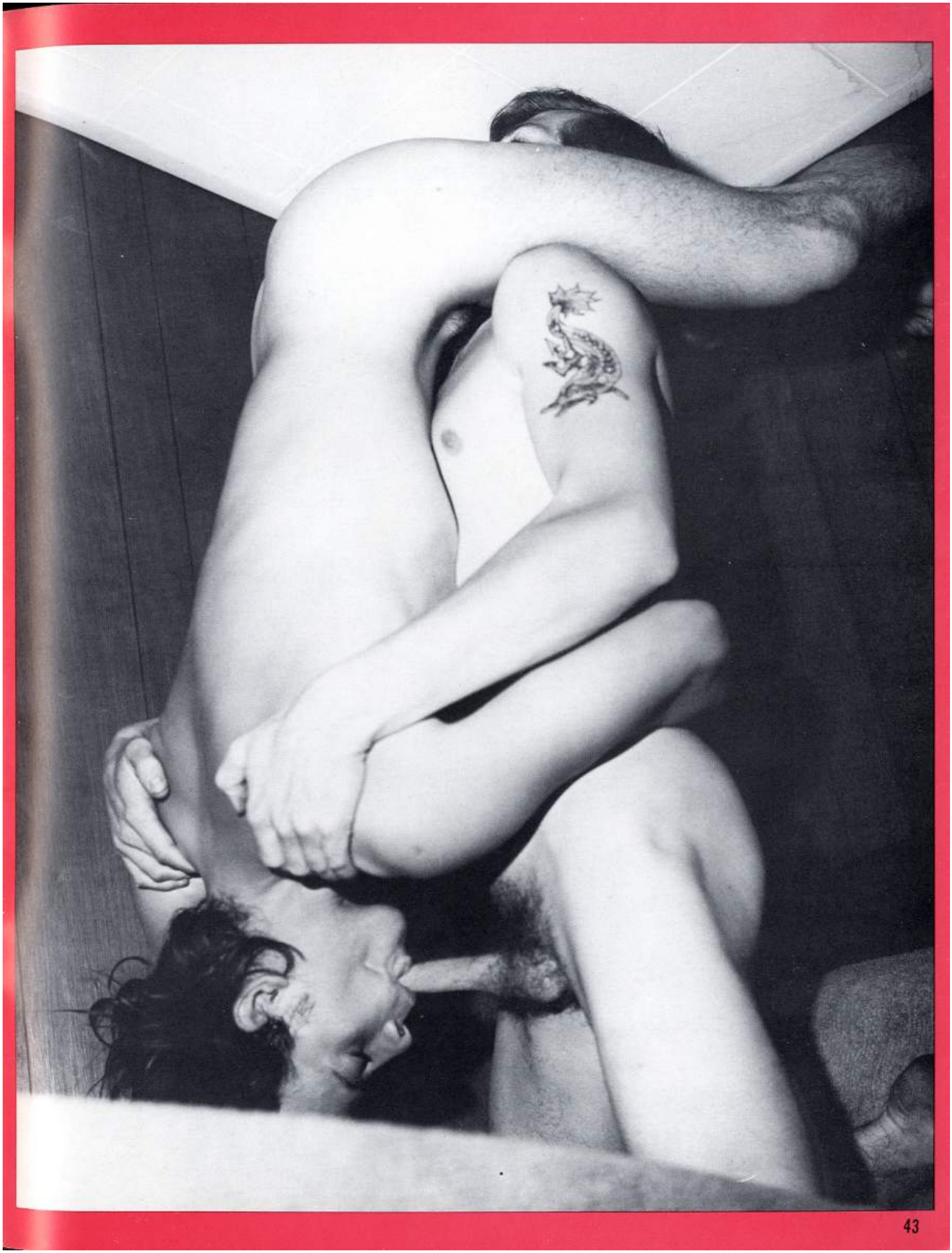
images by paying for it instead of getting it from each other on the mutual exchange. Or maybe they enjoyed the sight of lots of their fellow cadets lined up naked or in undershorts with their cocks at full attention while waiting their turns, and the jiggling asses of the ones being serviced by me at the time.

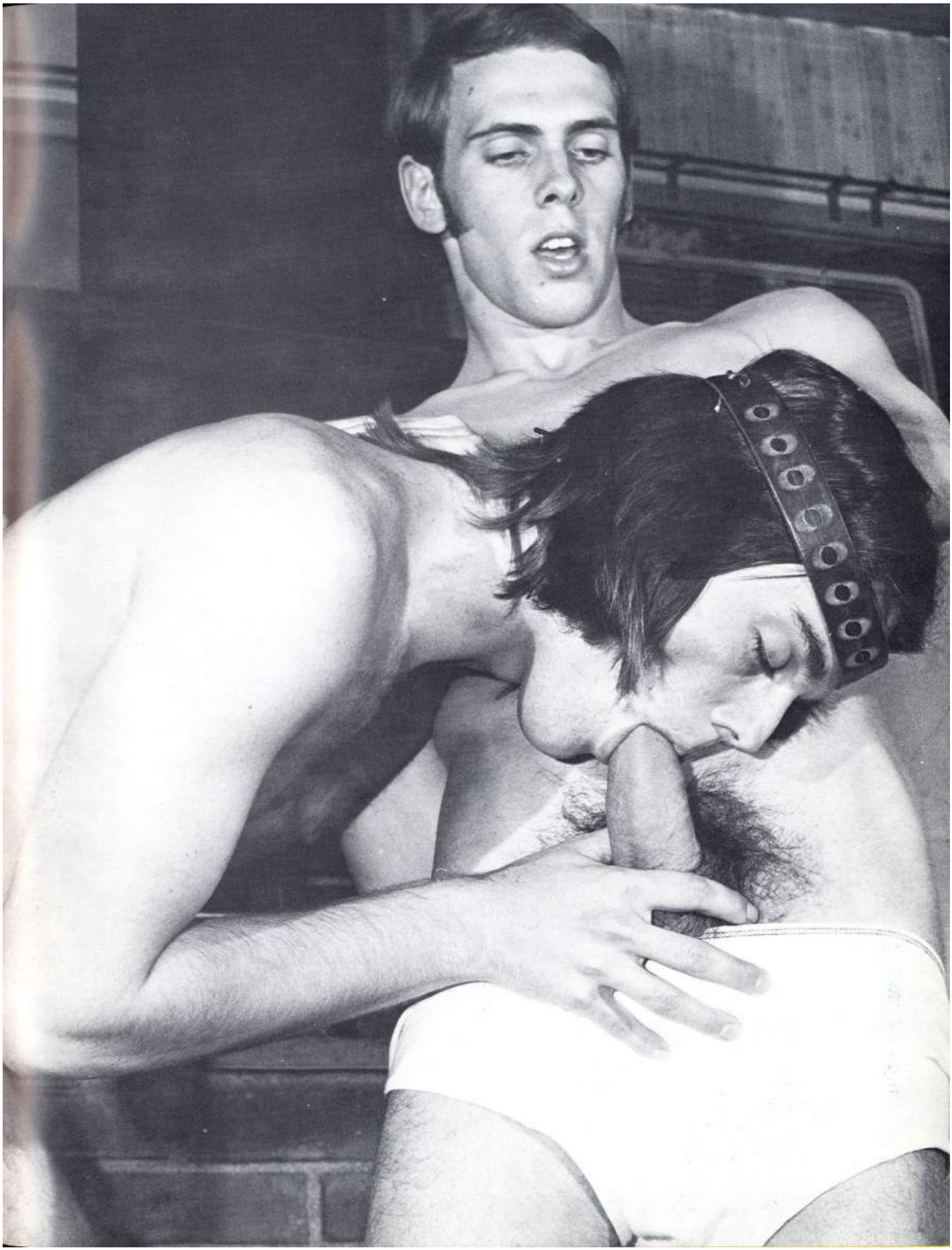
Business boomed and I became independently wealthy. After graduation I left home and traveled the country hitting every good hotel john in every large city. I didn't limit myself to johns, but encompassed elevators, linen closets, roofs, dining-rooms, lobbies, terraces, cabañas (ah, those cabañas!) and even most of the guests' rooms as well.

As my passport will attest, I have covered most of the countries and islands in the world and I'm now considering space travel.

Oh, I forgot to mention that I stopped charging for it years ago. I invested my money very successfully and I have more than I'll ever need.

But I'll never stop "working." It's a labor of love.





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